

God has, I believe, given me the reprieve, his Son. Now I feel as if God was my distress, he kindly removes the affliction, or it for good. The gold and the silver we will. Oh how pleasant it is, to have him for all, a hope of entering into his rest here. I believe after death, there is more by those who love God, than eye hath heard, or hath entered into the heart of man—that you may partake of this blessing—the prayer is the prayer of

my family. He gives us good things in this grave. I believe after death, there is more by those who love God, than eye hath heard, or hath entered into the heart of man—

the prayer is the prayer of

my family.

II. S.

One Christian may do much Good.

sixth century, Al Noaman, king of Hirz, his companions and his way while a hunting. Night coming on, he at length found rest under the roof of a poor Arab. Seen the king, in a drunken frolic, ordered two excommunicated companions to be burned alive.—An hour of intoxication had passed, and he had so expiated his offence, he set apart two days in honor of his companions. On the first days, he sacrificed the first person he met, the second, dismissed the first who met him, of these unfortunate days, he met, as the first Arab, who once so kindly entertained him.

In gratitude for this favor, the king, at the

quest of the Arab, granted him a year's respite, to permit him to go to a distant province,

he could obtain any one to be his security,

the court, in compassion, offered himself as

and the Arab departed, promising to re-

expansion of the year, and suffer death.

day appointed, the Arab returned.

The king, at his return, inquired, "Why have you not offered yourself to death, when you mighted by the death of your substitute?" "My

said the Arab calmly, taught me to do so,

your religion?" "The religion of Jesus

is so conduct, iniquity into its nature—

saved the life of the Christian Arab—

cruel custom—and thus was Christianity intro-

duced into his kingdom."—*Satire Prelim. Dis-*

—

his divine mercy, says Sadi, the philosopher,

and a certain vicious man into a society of re-

people, whose manners were pure and hol-

id; their virtues, he quickly began to insti-

uate all off his former habits: in a word,

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—

CHOICE ADVICE.

to your time so fully with useful employments

leisure for pursuits of a doubtful cha-

endeavor further to acquire such a strong

duty, such a taste for contemplations of a

and such well arranged habits of sacred

devotion, as may supersede the temptation to

idle amusement, moments

be so much more profitably given to the

of "making thy calling and election sure."

mind the claims which your family, your

society, have upon your hours of refe-

rence of employing those hours,

now many, that your body and mind may be

for the returning duties of each successive

and lastly, guard against habits of idle cur-

reast not ashamed to own that there are un-

just testimonies of thy actions, God and thy con-

—

REWARD OF DISHONESTY.

real sailor who perished in the Kent Indi-

we learn by the British Sailor's Magazine,

in the hold very shortly after the com-

the fire which destroyed the vessel,

valuing himself of the confusion, he hastened

aboard the second mate, forced open the desk

from thence four sovereigns, which he rolled

handkerchief, and tied round his waist; but in

leap into one of the boats, he fell short,

weight of his spoils caused him immediately

Unhappy sailor, of what avail was his tem-

when he lifted up his eyes in an eternal

and stood before a righteous judge as a sel-

ected robber! What if he had gained the whole

and could have put round him? It would only

him deeper and quicker into the bottomless

how many millions of immortal souls have gone

in this abyss, loaded with ill-gotten wealth!

—

unkind reformed! A farmer in England, who

in many years in the practice of contumacious

from a market-town, one day observed

inches of rain while he was in market. His

cut, and ready to be housed; to save it he remo-

ved home to his farm, before he had taken

any dose of grog. Upon coming into his

other, and cried out, "O! mother, father, los-

ome and he is not drunk!" The father, who

examination, was so severely rebuked by it,

suddenly became a sober man.

—

following hitherto unpublished anecdote may

on as authentic!—A gentlemen residing in

the provinces of France, was under the ne-

cessity quitting his paternal estate during the

in just prior to leaving it, however, he pro-

ceeded his money and other valuables to a

considerable amount, in a place known only to

He then left the country, and resided in

for many years, during which he was much

in his circumstances. On the fall of Bo-

in 1815, he returned to France, and, by dint

and solicitations among his few remain-

ing in that country, he succeeded in raising a

money sufficient to purchase his former estate,

had been confiscated) on the promise of return-

ing him a given period. As soon as the purchase

complete, he got a carpenter, and invited his

to accompany him to the house, the period of

having expired. When they got to a cer-

tain he ordered the man to remove some planks

the floor which he pointed out, which being done,

sure he had secreted many years before was

indisturbed, from which he instantly repaid his

equally to their astonishment and satisfaction.

—

INDIAN SHREWDRNESS.

"I delivered me unto thee, hath the greater sin-

glad," said the Rev. Dr. Y—s to the chief

little Ottawas, "that you do not drink wine

it grieves me to find that your people use so

it!" "Ah yes!" replied the chief, and he fix-

expressive eye upon the doctor which commu-

nicated the reproof he uttered it, "we Indians

great deal of whiskey, but we do not make it."

# ZION'S

PUBLISHED BY SOLOMON SIAS, FOR THE NEW-ENGLAND AND MAINE CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH....B. BADGER, EDITOR.

Vol. III.

## ZION'S HERALD.

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Editor, except those of agents, must be paid.

### ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

GREAT EFFECTS THE RESULT OF SMALL CAUSES.

The majestic river that rolls in grandeur, and bears

on its bosom the interchanges of nations, probably

gives its existence to some insignificant spring that

rises at the foot of the mountain. The mighty empire of Rome, that once exerted a powerful influence upon

the destinies of the world, was indebted for its origin to

the pugnacious efforts of two obscure men, who, till then, were unknown to story or song. The gigantic Uni-

versal States, that now embrace in their vast extent almost

every soil and climate, and nourish in their bosom

the spirit of justice, sobriety, patience, industry and

modesty. His good works were undeniably laudable, but impelled them to unworthy motives. They

were always ready to judge of what he had done,

but he was overwhelmed with sorrow, he

was more wise and just, as well as more

than the rest.

"My son," said the old man to him, "return to the Almighty, that thou art superior to thy

father. Happy he who can say, my enemies and

stigmatize me for vices of which I am not

thou art good, what matters it, as he that has

executed and even punisheth thee, as being one of

thy race? Hast thou not for the comfort two un-

just testimonies of thy actions, God and thy con-

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## SCIENCE, DOMESTIC ECONOMY, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

### GENERAL MISCELLANY.

*A new plan for the emancipation of Slaves.*—Mr. Schoolcraft, in his work entitled "Travels in the valley of the Mississippi," suggests the following plan for the gradual emancipation of slaves in the Southern States. About seventy persons from seventy years of age, were added to the number in a few months, after giving good testimony of being "born of the Spirit" and creatures in Christ's Jesus." The greater number were of other denominations. Many Episcopalians, having received their first impressions at our prayer meetings, being born of sin and converted to holiness, though unintentionally, joined other churches. This would fail the writer, were he to detail the stages resulting from this source, under the influence; in building up the cause of our Master and his Church."

### VAL ON WESTERN CIRCUIT.

(SIXTH CONFERENCE.)

THE EDITOR OF ZION'S HERALD.

For some time past thought it my duty to lay an account of the good work which God is doing in Western Circuit. This work began about nine months ago, in the towns of Orwell, continued without intermission till the present time is still progressing. When it was stayed commenced in Camden; from thence it went over into Williamstown, from thence about the same time it visited the forks of the Connecticut, two and a half miles from my place of abode. Soon after it went on to Lee; and has since the first of the present week, we witnessed a noble display of divine power, at a Camp in Rome, near the reformation in Lee, three hundred and fifty, to my knowledge, saving a saving change on this circuit since began. Not less than two hundred and forty joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, many have joined other orders, most of them

terian. Lake, some time in the spring, not long commencement of the work, one morning, full sense of eternal things pervaded a whole soul, that by one general impulse most of the old and young, assembled together for prayer and heard and answered, to the salvation of number of precious souls. Here, where we or twelve scattering members, and often giving up the place as hopeless, we have been fifty and sixty good, faithful, and promoters. At the forks of Fish Creek is a hamlet of industrious farmers; but they visited for many years past by preachers of denominations, with no apparent success;—they were entirely neglected for some time; persuaded a local preacher by the name of Elien to labor among them; and the Lord made instrument of a gracious work. We have class of nearly forty members in that place, are almost daily added to the Lord.

I will wish to hear more about our late Camp. Last Thursday we met under the sacred shade of thirty tents were erected before sun. Two sermons were preached—many were offered before the throne of grace, and solemnity prevailed among us. Friday, the Lord, who had heard, began to answer prayer. We went to heaven, and "on earth was peace will towards men;" for the prisoners were in their chains, and the captives were made free in the God of their salvation. Saturday thirty-five preachers were on the ground, from seventy tents. But the best of all Emanuel (God with us) led on his praying company. Sabbath was a day long to be rejoiced. By this time the heavens were covered with clouds, the lightning streamed through the rolling thunder made the earth to quake, and the earth trembled with a roar. The noise of the earth was heard in the distance, and the captives were made free in the God of their salvation. Many were pressing victory. By this time the heavens were covered with clouds, the lightning streamed through the earth, and the captives were made free in the God of their salvation. Many were scarcely noticed by scores of men, women, and children. God and eternity presented to view a subject more moving—more awfully sublime than length rain poured in torrents; but magnitude of what passed. They however were led to the tents; we found a poor shelter from the violence of the storm. Still the concern of the soul prevailed lowering elements, and the concert of pray-ers went on uninterrupted, until, in one tent, I saw the light of life, and felt that the storm had gone over. Brother Pitts, from N. York, two moving and appropriate discourses from him, and one on Sabbath evening in a large tent, as could crowd to hear; while the solemn devotion coming from the distant tents, in accents fell upon the ear. He was, notwithstanding, distinctly heard by scores, with unusual intensity.

### THE WEST.

Letter to the Editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, dated Pittsburgh, July 13.

*Children's Food.*—A lady of Yorkshire observes in a letter dated May 2d, that in consequence of her losing her first three children, one during teething, and two of inflammation in the bowels, she gave her fourth child a little lime water in every article of food, adding a dessert, and sometimes only a tea-spoon full of lime water to every article, whether liquid or thick. It succeeded in keeping up healthy digestion, and a regular state of the bowels; the child instead of being feverish, flatulent, and fretful, as her preceding children had been, continued cool and cheerful, free from any symptom of indigestion, and cut its teeth without any constitutional disturbance. She has continued this practice with two more children, with the same good effects. We have known this simple addition to the food of children, prove very efficacious in incipient cases of rickets and of irritable bowels, attended with looseness, &c.; but if the child be disposed to costiveness on account of its astringent quality, a little magnesia should be occasionally added to it.

*Gazette of Health.*—  
*Drunkenness, and speedy death.*—A London paper of June 27, gives an awful account of the immediate punishment of intoxication. On the previous day, a Mr. Featherstone, Mr. George, and Mr. Green, with the coachman, were returning to Mr. F.'s residence in Chelsea, after attending a party at Walham Green. They had all become inebriated; and Mr. Green, choosing to ride outside with the coachman,摔倒 on the latter to give him the reins, professedly declaring that he would drive over every thing that came in his way. He then whipped the horses into a full gallop, the carriage in a few minutes came in contact with a post, and was overturned. Mr. Featherstone's head was crushed to atoms, the coachman with Mr. George were dreadfully injured, and the wretched Green was taken into custody. This is one brief history of "fools in their folly," but what gives an awful solemnity to the whole is, that the conduct of this life will in its consequences follow the impotent in an endless existence. There is much wisdom in the lesson given by Dr. Young in this single line,

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### THE BROTHERS.

Died, lately, at Ludgvan, in Cornwall, Walter Trese, aged 71; and Moses Trese, aged 69, two brothers of very singular habits. They had been brought up from their infancy as miners, lived together in the same cottage, worked in the same mines, were born in the same room in which they died, and resided in it together for 60 years. They were bachelors, occupied the same bed, and were never known to have slept apart, or to have disagreed in a single instance; they attended to their domestic concerns without the aid of a female, yet their cottage would vie with any of their neighbors in point of neatness and cleanliness. Having been conspicuous for honesty, sobriety, and industry in their youth, they saved a scanty pittance from their earnings, which was nearly exhausted at their decease. Nature began to fail them at the same time. About nine weeks ago they were taken ill, and since that time had laid side by side in the same bed, each apparently feeling more for his companion's infirmity than his own. The one died about thirty hours before the other, and they were buried side by side in the same grave. Upwards of 2000 persons attended the funeral.—*London paper.*

*CIDER.*  
*Directions for making sweet, clear Cider, that shall retain its fine vinous flavor, and keep good for a long time in casks, like wine.*  
It is of importance in making cider, that the mill, the press, and all the materials be sweet and clean, and the straw clear from must. To make good cider, fruit should be ripe, but not rotten, and when the apples are green, if the juice is left in the puncheon 24 hours, the cider will be richer, softer, and higher colored; if fruit is all of the same kind, it is generally thought that the cider will be better; as the fermentation will certainly be more regular, which is of importance. The gathering and grinding of the apples, the pressing out of the juice, is a mere manual labor, performed with very little skill in the operation; but

here the great art of making good cider commences; for as soon as the juice is pressed out, nature begins to work a wonderful change in it. The juice of fruit, if left to itself, will undergo three distinct fermentations, all of which change the quality and nature of this fluid. The first is the vinous; the second the acid, which makes it hard and prepares it for vinegar; by the third it becomes putrid. The first fermentation is the only one the juice of apples should undergo, to make good cider. It is this operation that separates the juice from the pulp, and leaves it a clear, sweet, vinous liquor. To preserve it in this state is the grand secret; this is done by fumigating it with sulphur, which keeps any further fermentation, and preserves it in its fine vinous state. It is to be wished that all cider makers would make a trial of this method; it is attended with no expense, and but little trouble, and will have the desired effect.

We lay it down as a principle, that whatever a slave earns above the full cost of his maintenance, is produced by the alternate effect of stripes and rewards, operating through a system of judicious tasks, and so it is far from being capable of demonstration, that more labor is to be gained by the latter method than by the former." The excitement of a spirit of slavery, by allowing the blacks a portion of time to themselves, by giving them work to perform, if they chose, and paying them for it the moment it is finished, is far less profitable to the master than to the slave. It also insures the punctual performance of their daily tasks, as they do not begin to work for themselves until they have finished what their duty requires to their master. To perfect, then, this system of tasks and rewards, which, in some degree, is now in full operation on every well conducted plantation in America—to render the former a little erroneous to the slave as may be, and to make the latter a trifle equivalent for the work performed; and to fund the avails of this extra labor in such a manner, as to make it applicable to the purchase of the slave's freedom: as we think, the important desideratum in the reception of the blacks. We will illustrate our views by the following proposition: Every profitable slave under the strong excitement of a money reward, will complete his task one, two, three, or four hours before the usual time of quitting the field or the work shop. Let him receive a proper compensation for this extra work. But lest he should make an improper use of the money, or spend it in riotous or luxurious living, let every planter establish a Saving Institution, Plantation Bank or Depository, for the express use of slaves, in which two thirds of the avails of all extra labor shall be deposited by the slaves at proper times; and let it be optional with him to fund the remaining third, or to receive it in checks on a plantation bank, which checks shall have no currency off the estate. In this way, more work will be done than is possible in the ordinary mode of culture; and the produce of the plantation, the workman or the slave, will be enhanced in a ratio corresponding to the whole annual amount paid in rewards. And thus the proprietor, while he enjoys the noble pleasure of promoting the happiness and emancipation of his bondmen, has, at the same time the additional satisfaction of knowing that he is pursuing the very best means for improving his own fortune.

We will suppose such a slave as we have been considering, to be worth, in the present depressed state of the country, six hundred dollars. When his earnings deposited in the Bank, amount to one hundred dollars, he will have the whole of Monday free from work entirely for himself. He then has two days in the week, including the Sabbath, at his own disposal; this will enable him more rapidly to acquire voluntary labor, the second hundred dollars, with which he purchases Tuesday. He has now three days, two of which are working days, at his own command, and with these two he purchases Wednesday, and so on, in a progressive ratio, until the whole six days are his own, and he is free! He will enter into society with habits of industry and temperance, which we calculate to render him a valuable citizen; and we will venture to assert, that any slave who is not possessed of efficient mental energy and firmness to submit to this preparatory discipline, cannot be qualified for, and is scarcely entitled to, the enjoyment of civil liberty.

\* \* \* The experience and practice of many slave-holders in the Southern States.

*Theatre Royal.*

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*Remarkable Echo.*—The Editor of the Boston Gazette, who has lately been on a tour to the north, gives the following particulars of a surprising echo, which he had occasion to observe in his rambles.

*South America.*—Captain Conway, of the barque Blakeley, from Buenos Ayres, brings information that the country about Montevideo, was still in a state of revolution. Two vessels of war, and about 1100 troops from Rio Janeiro, had arrived at Montevideo, for the protection of that place.—Llavevaja, at the head of the revolutionists, had possession of the Mount, and some skirmishing had taken place near the walls of Montevideo.

Every thing remained quiet at Buenos Ayres; but it was expected that war between that government and the Brazilian, would take place shortly. The Congress of Buenos Ayres was in session, deliberating on the confederation of the different Provinces.

### Suppression of Piracy.

It appears by the late journal, that the king of Denmark has published an ordinance by which all who are belonging to the Danish West Indies, who are detected in being engaged in any piratical proceedings, or in aiding them, are to be punished with the gallows, or are to work at the fortifications for a term of years, to be determined by the magistrate, each lasher louder than the preceding, and at length even off in distant and distinct reverberations. The whole continuance of the echo was more than a minute from the discharge of the gun—some who took note, said nearly two minutes, but it was certainly more than one. After the first report, there was nothing in the sound like the distant discharge of a cannon, but it was very much like a terrific thunder burst in the Alleghany Mountain. The largest park of artillery ever on Boston common discharged at once, would make but a faint noise compared with this echo from the report of a single three pounder. A large number of gentlemen and ladies from our city witnessed the phenomenon at the same time with myself.

*Calamitous Intelligence.*—A gentleman arrived at Charleston from Key West, states that the yellow fever was prevailing at that place to an alarming extent. Out of about thirty marines left there by Commandant Warrington, but three were able to perform duty, two-thirds of them being dead and the remainder lying very ill. Lieut. Com. Tupper was left in a dying state. The fever was also very fatal among the sailors—the hospital being crowded with the sick, and but five or six able to duty. Captain James McIntosh, the commander of the Island, was down with a fever. Sailing Master Hardy, commanding the Navy Yard, had just recovered from a severe illness. The United States sloop Vagabond, under command of Midshipman Fatio, had been despatched for the purpose of endeavoring to fall in with Commodore Washington, off Havana or Matanzas, to inform him of the great mortality prevailing at Key West, and to advise him concerning the removal of the remainder of the United States forces, &c. before they all fell victim to the fever.

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*Hurricane in the West Indies.*—By arrivals at Norfolk and New York, we learn that a dreadful hurricane visited the West India Islands on the 26th ultimo, and did considerable damage to the shipping, plantations and houses. At St. Pierres, the wind was from S. W. to S. and blew with great violence; three American vessels, (one brig and two schooners) were driven ashore and went to pieces. Information from Guadalupe, stated that great injury was done at Basseterre, which was nearly demolished—all the government buildings were blown down, nearly 600 persons perished, (one account says two hundred,) and the plantations were much injured. At Point Petre, several American vessels and French coasters, were driven ashore, and suffered more or less damage. At Roseau, (Dominica,) all vessels were lost. At Barbados and St. Lucia, the shipping sustained considerable injury. The St. Johns, (Antigua,) paper of the 29th of July, after giving an account of the gale at that place, says—

"There is reason to apprehend that it has been far more severe to the southward, and we look anxiously for arrivals."

By a sloop that arrived this morning, we learn that the Island of Dominica experienced a gale of wind from the westward on Tuesday last. One English brig and three or four American vessels were driven on shore. "Com. Gazz."

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is only requisite to expose the place where they herd for a short time to the action of steam, and the more the water boils the better; it kills the eggs as well as the vermin. The employment of this method is both so convenient and so cleanly, that we think we need say nothing of the mode of applying, nor by way of recommending it to trial.—*Scotch paper.*

### GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

*Public Schools.*—The annual visitation of the public schools in this city, will take place this day. The Franklin, Hancock, Bowdoin, and Hawes, (South Boston,) schools, at 8 A. M. The Adams, Eliot, Mayhew, and Boylston schools, at half past 10 A. M. The Latin and Classical schools, at 1 P. M.

The Court Martial now sitting at the city of Boston, for the trial of several naval officers, is progressing rapidly with the business before it. Commodore Merriman, who is accused of being suspended six months. Lieutenant Whitlock is sentenced to a suspension for two years, without pay or emolument; and Lieutenant Hunter has been acquitted.

The oration of Mr. Webster at Bunker Hill has been translated, in New York, into the Spanish language, by Jose Maria Heredia, who was exiled from the Spanish dominions for his liberal opinions and love of constitutional liberty; and a well executed edition has been published by Wilder and Campbell, for the Spaniards in the United States, who are desirous of circulating it among their friends at home, as a means of rousing them to the resistance of oppression.

*British Minister.*—Mr. Vaughan, the new British Minister, has arrived in the Chesapeake, in the British frigate Photon.

*French Squadron.*—The French squadron arrived in Hampton Roads, from Port au Prince, via Havana, consists of two ships of the line, two 60 guns, 4 of 44, a corvette and 2 brigs. On coming to anchor, the Admiral's ship fired a salute, which was answered by the British frigate Photon.

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## ZION'S HERALD:---MISCELLANEOUS....INSTRUCTIVE....ENTERTAINING.

### THE HERALD'S HARP.



FOR ZION'S HERALD.

### THE MANIAC'S DEATH.

BY JOHN KENNADY.

**Cottage**—Beneath the vast heavens the black clouds are  
speaking.

And drop from their bosom the earth cheering rain—  
The bright lamp of day from the scene is receding,

And darkness is spreading her gat o'er the plain.

Then haste! weary lady—then haste to our home!

For see, through you coppice the knot-blaze invites.

There selon the fears of the storm ever come,

While peace and contentment their pleasures unite.

**Mairie**—No! stranger: for refuge I'll fly to you mountain—  
Beneath the dark top of the oak I'll repose.

My night-song, the roar of the pebbled-bed fountain,

Surrounded with harsh winds my prayer I'll compose.

Then haste thee home father—your little one's wait you,

For see at the window their mother appears;

Let not a poor Maniac longer belay you,

Nor wring from thy lov'd-ones anxiety's tears.

**Cottage**—But see! from you black sky the red lightning's  
flashing;

The mountain seems trembling beneath its dire wrath.

And hark! how the thunder 'mid rough rocks is crashing,  
Then fly! lady, fly from you cavern of death!

Come, speed to our cottage where peace shall attend you,

And hark! each affliction with pity's foul smile.

**Mairie**—Cold, cold is my heart, and my senses are failing.

You lightning's a sunbeam to this troubled soul.

And O! that mild thunder in whispers is stealing

Over this heart where the rude waves of sorrow e'er roll.

Yes, I'll speed to you mountain, in darkness I'll dwell,

Though 'neath the storm's fury my leaf-couch should

shake:

And then to the loud winds—yea, thunders I'll tell,

The anguish that threatens this poor heart to break.

**Cottage**—O lady, the storm has no pity to give thee;

Then haste, in our cottage, thy sorrows to tell.

There warmest compassion shall strive to revive thee,

And ev'ry rough cloud of affliction dispel.

O tell me, fair stranger, what sorrows assail thee;

And tear thy poor heart with such anguish and pain.

Say, say, if some lov'd-one's affection has fail'd thee,

And bade thee remember that youth-rooms are vain

**Mairie**—Hush! hush! there's the grave, where my little  
husband's buried.

Step hight! lest thou crush him beneath thy rude tread!

My husband! O God! to the grave he was hurried—

A drunkard! and there, with the poor babe he laid!

But see! the grave opens! how still's the storm's roar!

See! see! the grave opens! it opens for me!

My sorrows are ended! Life's storm now is o'er!

In the grave! in the grave! the poor maniac is free!

Bloomingburgh, Sullivan Co., N. Y. Aug. 3, 1825.

### WHAT IS PRAYER?

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,

Untold or unexpress'd;

The motion of a hidden fire,

That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,

The falling of a tear;

The upward glancing of an eye,

When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech;

That any lips can try;

Prayer the sublimest strain that reach

The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,

The Christian's native air;

His watchword at the gates of death,

He enter's heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,

Returning from his ways;

While angels in their songs rejoice,

And say, Behold! he pray's!

The saints in prayer, appear as one,

In word, and deed, and mind,

With wth the Father and the Son,

Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone—

The Holy Spirit pleads;

And Jesus on the eternal throne,

For sinners intercedes.

O thou, by whom we come to God,

The life, the truth, the way,

The path of prayer, thyself hast trod,

Lord teach us how to pray!

### OBITUARY.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MR. EDITOR,

The following is a brief sketch of the experience, sickness, and death of Asa H. son of Rev. John Thompson; who died July 20, 1825, aged 22 years. Should you judge it worthy a place in your paper, you will gratify many of your readers in these regions, by inserting it.

The subject of this memoir, was a native of Industry, Maine. His father has been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for about thirty-one years, and a local preacher about twenty-four. Asa H. was favored with a religious education, and at the early age of ten years, became a subject of justifying grace, and a member of the Methodist Church. For a number of years, he retained that state of justification, by walking in Christ as he received him; but at length, through temptations, youthful vanities, and an ardent desire for literature, he lost his enjoyment, and became less ardent, in the pursuits of religion. His moral character, however, was so good, that he was confirmed a member of the church. About three years before his death, while pursuing his studies at Bloomingfield Academy, reflecting on his uselessness in the cause of God, he became alarmed about himself, and instantly began pleading with God, for a restoration of the joys of his salvation; and he did not plead in vain; for, while his Christian brethren's prayers were united with his, God heard, answered, and graciously revived him: from which time, he made religion the constant business of life. Soon after this, he felt a conviction, that it was his duty to improve his gifts in a more public way; and, after much deliberation, he received a license as an exhorter, which he improved, as opportunity presented. He, however, employed the principal part of his time in studying, and teaching schools; and, while engaged in the latter calling, in the town of Augusta, (Me.) in the year 1823, he felt the importance of having a clean heart; for which, he earnestly sought, and not in vain; for God heard, and answered his request. At a Camp-meeting, held in the town of Windsor, (Me.) last fall,

the work of holiness was very much revived in his soul. He was employed by the Presiding Elder on Pittstown circuit, last autumn and winter, to travel with B. Jones. In the month of March, while at his studies, in Hallowell, (Me.) he was seized with a violent cold attended with a bad cough; after which he was never well. He, however, feeling anxious to be of use, while life was protracted, undertook the arduous task of preceptor of the "Maine Wesleyan Seminary," located at Readfield; where, soon after he commenced, he had a short run of fever; after which, as soon as he was able, he was removed to his father's house; from whence he was borne to the silent grave.

For some weeks after he was carried to his father's, he, and the family, indulged strong hopes of his recovery. But, alas! his lungs were affected, and his disease baffled the skill of physicians, and the power of medicine. In the first part of his sickness, he felt no particular animation or raptures of joy; but manifested great patience, and perfect resignation to the will of God. When asked, (as he often was,) if he was willing to die, if it was God's will, his answers were in the affirmative. He often said, "if God has any thing more for me to do, he will raise me to health again." About three weeks before his departure, a Camp-meeting was held within a few rods of his father's, where he was; and, although he was not present, yet, while earnest prayer was made in his behalf, he seemed to share in the benefits of the meeting. The preachers, and others, visited him occasionally, during the Camp-meeting; and always found him happy; and often, so overwhelmed with the same poor creature of God, that he would shout for joy. At the close of the Camp-meeting, when his worthy Presiding Elder, to whom he was peculiarly attached, called to leave him, he joined with him, and sung two verses of a hymn before prayers. He remained in the same happy frame of mind to the close of the meeting; often shouting, if it was thought he should "go home to-day." He seemed to converse on the subject of death with the same composure of mind as on any other subject. In the morning of the day of his departure, although the cold, gripping hand of death had fast hold of him, he was not the last terrified; but rather grew happier, and said, if he should have strength, when he saw his fingers turn black, he should shout aloud; and so it was, for when the purple fluid ceased to flow in his hands and arms, and they began to turn a dark color, he was heard in another room to clap his hands for joy. About five minutes before he expired, he looked up to those around him and said, "Praise God! praise God!" which were the last words he was heard to utter: He then closed his eyes, without a struggle or a groan; while his spirit triumphantly ascended, borne by attending angels through theainless ether to the paradise of God. His remains were interred the following day, attended by a numerous congregation, who listened with solemn attention, to a feeling and appropriate discourse, by the Rev. John Gower, from Isaiah xl: 30, 31. In the death of Asa H. Thompson, the parents, brothers, sisters, and church, sustain an irreparable loss. It is not an aged and worn out preacher, nor a young man of ordinary abilities, that has now left the field which is white, and already to harvest, and which loudly calls for more laborers; but a young man of superior qualifications, and extensive usefulness in the church of God. We can only add,—

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform."

EZEKIEL ROBINSON.

Industry, Me. July 26, 1825.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MEMOIR OF MRS. MARY TOWER.

The subject of this memoir was born in Hull, Mass. A. D. 1790. She was the eldest of eleven children, three of whom, together with her parents, (Spencer and Mollie Binney,) have gone, with her, to receive the promises. In about the 15th year of her age, she obtained that *hope which maketh not ashamed*, viz. of the forgiveness of her sins. This hope, in connection with faith and love, remained pregnant with immortal vitality, until lost in sight. Her repentance, I think I may safely say, was never repented of. The *peril*, which is estimated of great price, never grew dim in her possession; though cultivated, for many years, with indefatigable assiduity.

Soon after her conversion, she became happily connected in life with Mr. Moses Tower, of Hingham, where, and with whom, she ever after lived, and became the mother of five children, who are now left, with their father, in their juvenile years, to mourn the loss of their best earthly friend. The church of which she was a worthy member, must certainly acknowledge her loss to be great indeed, while they call to mind her unweary attention to, and solicitude for, their welfare.

While busied with more than Martha's care, she was indeed a Mary at heart. Her house, for many years, had been a home for the pious of all denominations, and more especially for the itinerant preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

She was one of those few, who gave to all their meat in due season, or at least fed desirous so to do. In a word, to speak without partiality or exaggeration, her disposition would have done much more than her local circumstances would admit of. She adorned her profession by letting her light shine in the *morning of life*, which grows brighter and brighter until the evening: when, by the assistance of those rays of heavenly light which emanated from the Sun of Righteousness, she could distinctly "read her title clear to mansions in the skies." She had no desire to continue in the flesh, but rather to depart and be with Christ, which, as she was well assured, would be far better. She, however, waited with patience for the will of the Lord to be done, which, as it appears, was, to close her mortal eye to earthly cares, on the eve of the 12th of June, having lived 35 years, and realized an uncommon share of the comforts as well as the evils incident to human life.

Pray for her, the fading of the summer rose,

Had bop'd to greet her as his bride. But death arose between them. The pale lover watch'd So close, her journey through the shadowy vale, That almost to his heart, the ice of death Enter'd from hers. There was a brilliant flush

Of youth about her—and her kindling eye Pour'd such unearthly light, that Love would hang Even on the archer's arrow: while it dropp'd deep poison. Many a restless night she told for that slight breath which held her from the tomb, Still wasting like a snow-wreath, which the sun Lifting the long grass from those verdant mounds Where shamer multitudes—

There was a train Of young fair females with their brows of bloom, And shining tresses. Arm in arm they came, And stood upon the brink of that dark pit,

A pens've beauty waiting the approach

Of their companion. She was wont to fly,

And meet them, as the gay birds meet the spring, Brushing the dew drop from the morning flowers, And breathing mirth and gladness. Now she came With mover's ent'fash'd to the sleep ton'd bell— She came with mourning sire, and sorrowing friends— And tears of those who at her side were n'r'd By the same mother.

Ah! and one was there,

Who ere the fading of the summer rose,

Had bop'd to greet her as his bride. But death

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